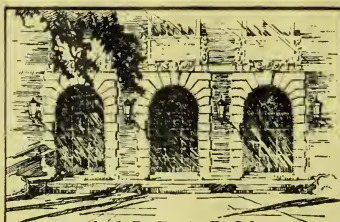


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Delia.

By SAMUEL DANIEL

1592.



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The Revd
J. W. Elsworth
from his old friend

INTRODUCTION.

J. P. C. who
thinks you have
it not.

THIS is as exact a facsimile as can be furnished in type of the earliest known edition of Samuel Daniel's "Delia", and it has been made from what we believe to be an unique copy of that impression.

Even the misprints and mispunctuations have been preserved, in order that our readers may be aware of the precise state in which the first thoughts of one of our most distinguished old Poets were originally presented to the lovers of poetry, near the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Some of the errors of the press are noted at the back of the author's title-page, but others are left uncorrected; and a remarkable instance will be seen in the last stanza of the last page, where "vanquisht" has been printed for *vanisht*—a gross blunder preserved, however, in what we take to be the second impression of the same poem in 1592. This peculiarity belongs to the later portion of our volume, "The Complaint of Rosamond"; but it seems certain that there was a still older edition of that poem (an imitation of the legends in "The Mirror for Magistrates") which is deficient of many stanzas, and was evidently the author's first draught. Of this curiosity we hope hereafter to procure a transcript, and in that case we shall certainly reprint it in the form it bears.

The work in the reader's hands consists of two parts, and we apprehend that they were separately published by Daniel: the "Delia", we think, came out by itself in 1592, and, as will be seen, continues as far as sign. H 2: here it originally terminated; but as "The Complaint of Rosamond" was then known and

popular, it was appended for the sake of greater attraction, and, since the printer's signatures for that portion begin with B b, something must have preceded it. What that something was can only be matter of speculation—most probably not the “*Delia*”, as in the copy we have used, and to which the enlarged “*Complaint of Rosamond*” was appended. In the last stanza of “*The Complaint of Rosamond*” the poet evidently refers to youthful productions, already published to “the world”, and these may possibly have originally preceded his “*Complaint of Rosamond*”. Daniel began writing in 1585, and it is not at all unlikely that, in the interval between that date and 1592, he had put in type some firstling specimens of his poetical powers: we know that not a few of his sonnets, etc., were surreptitiously published in 1591 by “a greedy printer”, of whom our author complains in the dedication to his “*Delia*”. This “greedy printer” was Thomas Newman, who made free with no fewer than twenty-eight separate productions by Daniel, besides others by the Earl of Oxford, and some anonymous contemporaries. See *Bibl. and Crit. Account*, 1865, i, 37.

We add, for the purpose of recognition, the first lines of four sonnets which are given by Newman to Daniel, and which we do not recollect to have met with elsewhere.

“The onely bird alone that Nature frames” &c.

“The slie Inchanter, when to worke his will” &c.

“The tablet of my heauie fortunes heere” &c.

“Way but the cause, & giue me leaue to plaine me” &c.

These and others may, prior to 1592, have preceded an edition of “*The Complaint of Rosamond*”, such as we see it before the author enlarged it by the many excellent stanzas found in our reprint.

J. P. C.

Delia.

Contayning certayne
Sonnets: vvith the
complaint of
Rosamond.
(. . .)

✻ *Aetas prima canat veneres
postrema tumultus.*

Samuel Daniel



AT LONDON,
Printed by I. C. for Si-
mon Waterfon, dwelling in
Paules Church-yard, at
the signe of the Crowne.
1592.

To the Reader.

Gentle Reader, I pray thee correct those faultes
escaped in the printing, finding them as they
are noted heere following.

Sonnet 5. most vnkindest, reade sweete vnkindest

Sonnet 14. Yer least, read Yet least

Sonnet 20. desires, read defiers

Sonnet 36. yee, read yce

Sonnet 41. her brow, read her troubled brow

Sonnet 44. tunres, reade turnes.



TO THE RIGHT HO-
nourable the Ladie *Mary*,
Countesse of Pembroke.

Right honorable, although I rather de-
sired to keep in the priuate passions
of my youth, from the multitude, as
things vtterd to my selfe, and con-
secrated to silence: yet seeing I was betraide by the
indiscretion of a greedie Printer, and had some
of my secrets bewraide to the world, vncorrected:
doubting the like of the rest, I am forced to publish
that which I neuer ment. But this wrong was
not onely doone to mee, but to him whose vnmatch-
able lines haue indured the like misfortune; Ignor-
ance sparing not to commit sacriledge vpon so holy
Reliques. Yet Astrophel, flying with the wings of
his owne fame, a higher pitch then the gross-sighted
can discern. hath registred his owne name in the *An-
nals*

The Epistle.

nals of eternitie, and cannot be disgraced, howsoever disguised. And for my selfe, seeing I am thrust out into the worlde, and that my vnboldned Muse is forced to appeare so rawly in publike; I desire onely to bee graced by the countenance of your protection: whome the fortune of our time hath made the happie and iudiciall Patroneſſe of the Muses (a glory hereditary to your house) to preferue them from those hidious beastes, Obliuion and Barbarisme. Wherebey you doe not onely possesse the honour of the present, but also do bind posterity to an euer gratefull memorie of your vertues, wherein you must suruiue your selfe. And if my lines heereafter better laboured, shall purchase grace in the world, they must remaine the monuments of your honourable fauour, and recorde the zealous duetie of mee, who am vowed to your honour in all obseruancy for euer,

Samuel Danyell.

To Delia.

Sonnet I.

Vnto the boundles Ocean of thy beautie
Runs this poore river, charg'd with streames of zeale :
Returning thee the tribute of my dutie,
Which heere my loue, my youth, my playnts reueale.

Heere I vnclaspe the booke of my charg'd foule,
Where I haue cast th'accounts of all my care :
Heere haue I summ'd my fighes, heere I enroule
Howe they were spent for thee ; Looke what they are.

Looke on the deere expences of my youth,
And see how iust I reckon with thyne eyes :
Examine well thy beautie with my trueth,
And crosse my cares ere greater summes arise.

Reade it fweet maide, though it be doone but flightly ;
who can shewe all his loue, doth loue but lightly.

B I

Goe



Sonnet II.

Goe wailing verſe, the infants of my loue,
Minerua-like, brought foorth without a Mother :
Preſent the image of the cares I proue,
Witneſ your Fathers griefe exceedes all other.

Sigh out a ſtory of her cruell deedes,
With interrupted accents of diſpayre :
A Monument that whoſoeuer reedes,
May iuſtly praiſe, and blame my loueles Faire.

Say her diſdaine hath dried vp my blood,
And ſtarued you, in ſuccours ſtill denying :
Preſſe to her eyes, importune me ſome good ;
Waken her ſleeping pittie with your crying.

Knock at that hard hart, beg till you haue moou'd her ;
And tell th'unkind, how deerely I haue lou'd her.

If



Sonnet III.

If so it hap this of-spring of my care,
These fatall Antheames, sad and mornefull Songes :
Come to their view, who like afflicted are ;
Let them yet figh their owne, and mone my wrongs.

But vntouch'd harts, with vnaffected eye,
Approch not to behold so great distresse :
Cleer-sighted you, soone note what is awry,
Whilst blinded ones mine errours neuer gesse.

You blinded foules whom youth and errours lead,
You outcast Eglets, dazled with your funne :
Ah you, and none but you my forrowes read,
You best can iudge the wrongs that she hath dunne.

That she hath doone, the motiue of my paine ;
Who whilst I loue, doth kill me with disdaine.

These



Sonnet IIII.

These plaintiue verse, the Posts of my desire,
Which haste for succour to her slowe regarde :
Beare not report of any slender fire,
Forging a griefe to winne a fames rewarde.

Nor are my passions limnd for outward hewe,
For that no collours can depaynt my forrowes :
Delia her felfe, and all the world may viewe
Best in my face, how cares hath til'd deepe forrowes.

No Bayes I seeke to deck my mourning brow,
O cleer-eyde Rector of the holie Hill :
My humble accents craue the Olyue bow,
Of her milde pittie and relenting will.

These lines I vse, t'unburthen mine owne hart ;
My loue affects no fame, nor steemes of art.

Whilst



Sonnet V.

Whilst youth and error led my wandring minde,
And fet my thoughts in heedeles waies to range :
All vnawares a Goddeffe chaste I finde,
Diana-like, to worke my suddaine change.

For her no fooner had my view bewrayd,
But with disdaine to see me in that place :
With fairest hand the most vnkindest maide,
Castes water-cold disdaine vpon my face.

Which turn'd my sport into a Harts dispaire,
Which still is chac'd, whilst I haue any breath,
By mine owne thoughts : fet on me by my faire,
My thoughts like houndes, pursue me to my death.

Those that I fostred of mine owne accord,
Are made by her to murther thus their Lord.



Sonnet VI.

Faire is my loue, and cruell as sh'is faire ;
Her brow shades frownes, although her eyes are funny ;
Her Smiles are lightning, though her pride dispaire ;
And her disdaines are gall ; her fauours hunny.

A modest maide, deckt with a blush of honour,
Whose feete doe treade greenepathes of youth and loue,
The wonder of all eyes that looke vppon her :
Sacred on earth, design'd a Saint aboue.

Chaſtitie and Beautie, which were deadly foes,
Liue reconciled friends within her brow :
And had ſhe pittie to conioine with thoſe,
Then who had heard the plaints I vtter now.

O had ſhe not beene faire, and thus vnkinde,
My Muſe had ſlept, and none had knowne my minde

O



Sonnet VII.

O had she not beene faire and thus vnkinde,
Then had no finger pointed at my lightnes :
The world had neuer knowne what I doe finde,
And Clowdes obscure had shaded still her brightnes.

Then had no Censors eye these lines suruaide,
Nor grauer browes haue iudg'd my Muse so vaine ;
No funne my blush and errour had bewraide,
Nor yet the world had heard of such disdaine.

Then had I walkt with bold erected face,
No down-cast looke had signified my mis :
But my degraded hopes, with such disgrace
Did force me grone out griefes, and vtter this.

For being full, should not I then haue spoken :
My sence oppref'd, had fail'd ; and hart had broken.

Thou



Sonnet VIII.

Thou poore hart facrifiz'd vnto the faireft,
Haft fent the incens of thy fighes to heauen :
And ftill againft her frownes frefh vowes repayreft,
And made thy paffions with her beautie euen.

And you mine eyes the agents of my hart,
Told the dumbe meffage of my hidden grieve :
And oft with carefull turnes, with filent art,
Did treat the cruell Fayre to yeelede reliefe.

And you my verfe, the Aduocates of loue,
Haue followed hard the proceffe of my cafe :
And vrg'd that title which dooth plainly proue,
My faith fhould win, if iuftice might haue place.

Yet though I fee, that nought we doe can moue her,
Tis not difdaine muft make me leaue to loue her.

It



Sonnet IX.

If this be loue, to drawe a weary breath,
Painte on flowdes, till the shore, crye to th'ayre :
With downward lookes, still reading on the earth ;
The sad memorials of my loues despaire.

If this be loue, to warre against my foule,
Lye downe to waile, rise vp to sigh and grieue me :
The neuer-resting stone of care to roule,
Still to complaine my greifes, and none releiue me.

If this be loue, to cloath me with darke thoughts,
Haunting vntroden pathes to waile apart ;
My pleasures horror, Musique tragicke notes,
Teares in my eyes, and sorrowe at my hart.

If this be loue, to liue a liuing death ;
O then loue I, and drawe this weary breath.

C

O



Sonnet X.

O then I loue, and drawe this weary breath,
For her the cruell faire, within whose brow
I written finde the sentence of my death,
In vnkinde letters; wrought she cares not how.

O thou that rul'st the confines of the night,
Laughter-louing Gods, worldly pleasures Queene,
Intenerat that hart that sets so light,
The truest loue that euer yet was seene.

And cause her leaue to triumph in this wise,
Vppon the prostrate spoyle of that poore harte:
That serues a trophey to her conquering eyes,
And must their glorie to the world imparte.

Once let her know, sh'hath done enough to proue me:
And let her pittie if she cannot loue me,

Teares



Sonnet XI.

Teares, vowes, and prayers win the hardest hart :
Teares, vowes, and prayers haue I spent in vaine ;
Teares, cannot soften flint, nor vowes conuart,
Prayers preuaile not with a quaint disdaine.

I lose my teares, where I haue lost my loue,
I vowe my faith, where it is not regarded ;
I pray in vaine, a merciles to moue :
So rare a faith ought better be rewarded.

Yet though I cannot win her will with teares,
Though my foules Idoll scorneth all my vowes ;
Though all my prayers be to so deafe eares :
No fauour though the cruell faire allowes.

Yet will I weepe, vowe, pray to cruell Shee ;
Flint, Frost, Disdaine, weares, melts, and yeelds we see.



Sonnet XII.

My spotles loue hoouers with white wings :
About the temple of the proudest frame :
Where blaze those lights fayrest of earthly things,
Which cleere our clouded world with brightest flame.

M'ambitious thoughts confined in her face,
Affect no honour, but what she can giue mee :
My hopes doe rest in limits of her grace,
I weygh no comfort vnlesse she releue mee.

For she that can my hart imparadize,
Holdes in her fairest hand what deerest is :
My fortunes wheele, the circle of her eyes,
Whose rowling grace deigne once a turne of blis.

All my liues sweete consists in her alone,
So much I loue the most vnlouing one.

Behold



Sonnet XIII.

Behold what happe *Pigmaleon* had to frame,
And carue his proper grieffe vpon a stone :
My heauie fortune is much like the fame,
I worke on Flint, and that's the cause I mone.

For haples loe euen with mine owne desires,
I figured on the table of my harte :
The fayrest forme, the worldes eye admires,
And so did perish by my proper arte.

And still I toile, to chaunge the marble brest
Of her, whose sweetest grace I doe adore :
Yet cannot finde her breathe vnto my rest,
Hard is her hart and woe is me therefore.

O happie he that ioy'd his stone and arte,
Vnhappy I to loue a stony harte.



Sonnet XIII.

Those amber locks, are those same nets my deere,
Wherewith my libertie thou didst surprize :
Loue was the flame, that fired me so neere,
The darte transpearling, were those Christall eyes.

Strong is the net, and feruent is the flame ;
Deepe is the wounde, my fighes do well report :
Yet doe I loue, adore, and praise the same,
That holdes, that burnes, that wounds me in this sort.

And list not seeke to breake, to quench, to heale,
The bonde, the flame, the wound that festreth so ;
By knife, by lyquor, or by salve to deale :
So much I please to perish in my wo.

Yer least long trauailes be aboue my strength,
Good *Delia* lose, quench, heale me now at length.

If



Sonnet XV.

If that a loyall hart and faith vnfained,
If a sweete languish with a chaste desire :
If hunger-staruen thoughts so long retayned,
Fed but with smoake, and cherisht but with fire.

And if a brow with cares characters painted,
Bewraies my loue, with broken words halfe spoken ;
To her that sits in my thoughts Temple fainted,
And layes to view my Vultur-gnawne hart open.

If I haue doone due homage to her eyes,
And had my fighes styll tending on her name :
If on her loue my life and honour lyes ;
And she th'vnkindest maide still scornes the same.

Let this suffice, the world yet may see ;
The fault is hers, though mine the hurt must bee.

Happie



Sonnet XVI.

Happie in sleepe, waking content to languish,
Imbracing cloudes by night, in day time morne :
All things I loath saue her and mine owne anguish,
Pleas'd in my hurt, inur'd to liue forlorne.

Nought doe I craue, but loue, death, or my Lady,
Hoarce with crying mercy, mercy yet my merit ;
So many voves and prayers euer made I,
That now at length t'yeelde, meere pittie were it.

But still the *Hydra* of my cares renuing,
Reuiues new sorrowes of her fresh disdayning ;
Still must I goe the Summer windes pursuing :
Finding no ende nor Period of my payning.

Waile all my life, my griefes do touch so neerely,
And this I liue, because I loue her deerely.

Since



Sonnet XVII.

Since the first looke that led me to this error,
To this thoughts-maze, to my confusion tending :
Still haue I liu'd in grieve, in hope, in terror,
The circle of my forrowes neuer ending.

Yet cannot leaue her loue that holdes me hatefull,
Her eyes exact it, though her hart disdaines mee :
See what reward he hath that serues th'vngratefull,
So true and loyall loue no fauours gaines mee.

Still must I whet my younge desires abated,
Vppon the Flint of such a hart rebelling ;
And all in vaine, her pride is so innated,
She yeeldes no place at all for pitties dwelling.

Oft haue I tolde her that my foule did loue her,
And that with teares, yet all this will not moue her.

D.

Restore



Sonnet XVIII.

Restore thy tresses to the golden Ore,
Yeele *Cithereas* sonne those Arkes of loue ;
Bequeath the heauens the starres that I adore,
And to th'Orient do thy Pearles remoue.

Yeele thy hands pride vnto th'yuory whight,
T'*Arabian* odors giue thy breathing sweete :
Restore thy blush vnto *Aurora* bright,
To *Thetis* giue the honour of thy feete.

Let *Venus* haue thy graces, her resigned,
And thy sweete voyce giue backe vnto the Spheares :
But yet restore thy feare and cruell minde,
To *Hyrca*n Tygers, and to ruthles Beares.

Yeele to the Marble thy hard hart againe ;
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to paine.

If



Sonnet XIX.

If Beautie thus be clouded with a frowne,
That pittie shines no comfort to my blis :
And vapors of disdaine so ouergrowne,
That my liues light thus wholly darkned is.

Why should I more molest the world with cryes ?
The ayre with sighes, the earth belowe with teares ?
Since I liue hatefull to those ruthlesse eyes,
Vexing with vntun'd moane, her daintie eares.

If I haue lou'd her deerer then my breath,
My breath that calls the heauens to witnes it :
And still must holde her deere till after death.
And if that all this cannot moue a whit ;

Yet let her say that she hath doone me wrong,
To vse me thus and knowe I lou'd so long.

D 2

Come



Sonnet XX.

Come death the Anchor-holde of all my thoughtes,
My last Refort whereto my foule appealeth ;
For all too long on earth my fancy dotes,
Whilst my best blood my younge desires sealeth.

That hart is now the prospectiue of horror,
That honored hath the cruellst faire that lyueth :
The cruellst faire, that sees I languish for her,
Yet neuer mercy to my merit giueth.
This is her Lawrell and her triumphes prize,
To tread me downe with foote of her disgrace :
Whilst I did builde my fortune in her eyes,
And laide my liues rest on so faire a face ;
That rest I lost, my loue, my life and all,
So high attempts to lowe disgraces fall.

These



Sonnet XXI.

These forrowing fighes, the smaokes of mine annoy ;
These teares, which heate of facred flame distils ;
Are these due tributes that my faith dooth pay
Vnto the tyrant ; whose vnkindnes kils.

I facrifice my youth, and blooming yeares,
At her proud feete, and she respects not it :
My flowre vntimely's withred with my teares,
And winter woes, for spring of youth vnfit.

She thinkes a looke may recompence my care,
And so with lookes prolongs my long-lookt ease :
As short that blisse, so is the comfort rare,
Yet must that blisse my hungry thoughts appease.

Thus she returnes my hopes so fruitlesse euer,
Once let her loue indeede, or eye me neuer.



Sonnet XXII.

Falſe hope prolongs my euer certaine grieve ;
Traytrous to me and faithfull to my loue :
A thouſand times it promiſ'd me reliefe,
Yet neuer any true effect I proue.

Oft when I finde in her no trueth at all,
I baniſh her, and blame her trechery :
Yet ſoone againe I muſt her backe recall,
As one that dyes without her company.

Thus often as I chaſe my hope from mee,
Straight way ſhe haſtes her vnto *Delia's* eyes :
Fed with ſome pleaſing looke there ſhall ſhe bee,
And ſo ſent backe and thus my fortune lyes.

Lookes feede my Hope, Hope foſters me in vaine ;
Hopes are vnſure, when certaine is my paine.

Looke



Sonnet XXIII.

Looke in my griefes, and blame me not to morne,
From care to care that leades a life so bad ;
Th'Orphan of fortune, borne to be her scorne,
Whose clouded brow dooth make my daies so fad.

Long are their nights whose cares doe neuer sleepe
Loathsome their daies, whome no funne euer ioyde :
Her fairest eyes doe penetrate so deepe,
That thus I liue booth day and night annoyde.

But since the sweetest roote doth yeeld thus much,
Her praise from my complaint I may not part :
I loue th'effect for that the cause is such,
Ile praise her face, and blame her flintie hart.

Whilst that wee make the world admire at vs,
Her for disdaine, and me for louing thus.

Oft



Sonnet XXIIII.

Oft and in vaine my rebel thoughts haue venterd,
To stop the passage of my vanquisht hart :
And shut those waies my friendly foe first entred,
Hoping thereby to free my better part.

And whilst I garde these windowes of this forte,
Where my harts theefe to vex me made her choice :
And thether all my forces doe transporte,
An other passage opens at her voice.

Her voyce betraies me to her hand and eye :
My freedoms tyrants conquering all by arte :
But ah, what glorie can she get thereby,
With three such powers to plague one filly harte.

Yet my foules foueraigne, since I must resigne ;
Reigne in my thoughts, my loue and life are thine.

Reigne



Sonnet XXV.

Raignein my thoughts faire hand, fweete eye, rare voyce,
Poffesse me whole, my harts triumuirat :
Yet heauie hart to make fo hard a choife,
Of fuch as fpoile thy poore afflicted ftate,

For whilst they ftrive which fhall be Lord of all,
All my poore life by them is troden downe :
They all erect their Trophies on my fall.
And yeelde me nought that giues them their renowne.

When backe I looke, I fighe my freedome paff,
And waile the ftate wherein I prefent ftande :
I fee my fortune euer like to laft,
Finding me rain'd with fuch a heauie hand ;
What can I doo but yeeld, and yeeld I doo,
And ferue all three, and yet they fpoile me too.

E.

Whilst



Sonnet XXVI.

Whilſt by her eyes purſu'd, my poore hart flew it,
Into the ſacred boſome of my deereſt :
She there in that ſweete ſanctuary flew it,
Where it preſum'd his ſafetie to be neereſt.

My priuiledge of faith could not proteſt it,
That was with blood and three yeeres witnes ſigned :
In all which time ſhe neuer could ſuſpect it,
For well ſhe ſawe my loue, and how I pined.

And yet no comfort would her brow reueale mee.
No lightning looke, which falling hopes erecteth :
What bootes to lawes of ſuccour to appeale mee ?
Ladies and tyrants, neuer lawes reſpecteth.

Then there I dye, where hop'd I to haue liuen ;
And by that hand, which better might haue giuen.

The



Sonnet XXVII.

The starre of my mishappe impos'd this payning,
To spend the Aprill of my yeers in wayling,
That neuer found my fortune but in wayning,
With still fresh cares my present woes affayling.

Yet her I blame not, though she might haue blest mee,
But my desires wings so high aspiring :
Now melted with the funne that hath possesse mee,
Downe doe I fall from off my high desiring ;

And in my fall doe cry for mercy speedy,
No pittying eye lookes back vppon my mourning :
No helpe I finde when now most fauour neede I,
Th'Ocean of my teares must drowne me burning,
And this my death shall christen her anew,
And giue the cruell Faire her tytle dew.



Sonnet XXVIII.

Rayſing my hopes on hills of high deſire,
Thinking to ſkale the heauen of her hart :
My ſlender meanes preſum'd too high a part ;
Her thunder of diſdaine forſt me retire ;

And threw mee downe to paine in all this fire,
Where loe I languish in ſo heauie ſmart,
Becaufe th'attempt was farre aboue my arte :
Her pride brook'd not poore ſoules ſhold comeſo nye her.

Yet I proteſt my high aſpyring will,
Was not to diſpoſſeſſe her of her right :
Her ſoueraignty ſhould haue remayned ſtill,
I onely fought the bliſſe to haue her fight.

Her fight contented thus to ſee me ſpill,
Fram'd my deſires fit for her eyes to kill.

O



Sonnet XXIX.

O why dooth *Delia* credite fo her glasse,
Gazing her beautie deign'd her by the skyes :
And dooth not rather looke on him (alas)
Whose state best shewes the force of murthering eyes.

The broken toppes of loftie trees declare,
The fury of a mercy wanting storme :
And of what force your wounding graces are,
Vppon my felfe you best may finde the forme.

Then leaue your glasse, and gaze your felfe on mee,
That Mirrour shewes what powre is in your face :
To viewe your forme too much, may daunger bee,
Narcissus chaung'd t'a flowre in such a case.

And you are chaung'd, but not t'a Hiacint ;
I feare your eye hath turn'd your hart to flint.



Sonnet XXX.

I once may fee when yeeres shall wrecke my wronge,
When golden haireſ ſhall chaunge to ſiluer wyer :
And thoſe bright rayes, that kindle all this fyer
Shall faile in force, their working not ſo ſtronge.

Then beautie, now the burthen of my ſong,
Whoſe glorious blaze the world dooth ſo admire ;
Muſt yeelde vp all to tyrant Times deſire :
Then fade thoſe flowres which deckt her pride ſo long.

When if ſhe grieue to gaze her in her glaſ,
Which then preſents her winter-withered hew ;
Goe you my verſe, goe tell her what ſhe was ;
For what ſhe was ſhe beſt ſhall finde in you.

Your firie heate lets not her glorie paſſe,
But Phenix-like ſhall make her liue anew.

Looke



Sonnet XXXI.

Looke *Delia* how wee steeme the half-blowne Rose,
The image of thy blush and Summers honor :
Whilst in her tender Greene she doth inclose
That pure sweete beautie, Time bestowes vpon her.

No sooner spreads her glorie in the ayre,
But straight her ful-blowne pride is in declyning ;
She then is scorn'd that late adorn'd the fayre :
So cloudes thy beautie, after fayrest shining.

No Aprill can reuiue thy withred flowers,
Whose blooming grace adornes thy glorie now :
Swift speedy Time, feathred with flying howers,
Diffolues the beautie of the fairest brow.

O let not then such riches waste in vaine ;
But loue whilst that thou maist be lou'd againe.

But



Sonnet XXXII.

But loue whilst that thou maist be lou'd againe,
Now whilst thy May hath fill'd thy lappe with flowers ;
Now whilst thy beautie beares without a staine ;
Now vse thy Summer smiles ere winter lowres.

And whilst thou spread'st vnto the ryfing funne,
The fairest flowre that euer saw the light :
Now joye thy time before thy sweete be dunne,
And *Delia*, thinke thy morning must haue night.

And that thy brightnes sets at length to west :
When thou wilt close vp that which now thou shouest :
And thinke the same becomes thy fading best,
Which then shall hide it most, and couer lowest.

Men doe not weigh the stalke for what it was,
When once they finde her flowre, her glory passe.

When



Sonnet XXXIII.

When men shall finde thy flowre, thy glory passe,
And thou with carefull brow fitting alone :
Receiued hast this message from thy glasse,
That tells thee trueth, and faies that all is gone.

Fresh shalt thou see in mee the woundes thou madest,
Though spent thy flame, in mee the heate remaying :
I that haue lou'd thee thus before thou fadeest,
My faith shall waxe, when thou art in thy wayning.

The world shall finde this miracle in mee,
That fire can burne, when all the matter's spent :
Then what my faith hath beene thy felse shalt see,
And that thou wast vnkinde thou maiest repent.

Thou maist repent, that thou hast scorn'd my teares,
When Winter snowes vppon thy golden heares.

F I

When



Sonnet XXXIIII.

When Winter fnowes vpon thy golden heares,
And frost of age hath nipt thy flowers neere :
When darke shall seeme thy day that neuer cleares,
And all lyes withred that was held so deere.

Then take this picture which I heere present thee,
Limned with a Penfill not all vnworthy :
Heere see the giftes that God and nature lent thee ;
Heere reade thy selfe, and what I suffred for thee,
This may remaine thy lasting monument,
Which happily posteritie may cherish :
These collours with thy fading are not spent ;
These may remaine, when thou and I shall perish.
If they remaine, then thou shalt liue thereby ;
They will remaine, and so thou canst not dye.

Thou



Sonnet XXXV.

Thou canst not dye whilst any zeale abounde
In feeling harts, that can conceiue these lines :
Though thou a *Laura* hast no Petrarch founde,
In base attire, yet cleerely Beautie shines.

And I, though borne in a colder clime,
Doe feele mine inward heate as great, I knowe it :
He neuer had more faith, although more rime,
I loue as well, though he could better shew it.

But I may ad one feather to thy fame,
To helpe her flight throughout the fairest Ile :
And if my penne could more enlarge thy name,
Then shouldst thou liue in an immortall stile.

But though that *Laura* better limned bee,
Suffice, thou shalt be lou'd as well as shee.



Sonnet XXXVI.

O be not grieu'd that these my papers should,
Bewray vnto the world howe faire thou art :
Or that my wits haue shew'd the best they could,
The chastest flame that euer warmed hart.

Thinke not sweete *Delia*, this shall be thy shame,
My Muse should found thy praise with mournfull warble :
How many liues the glory of whose name,
Shall rest in yee, when thine is grau'd in Marble.

Thou maist in after ages liue esteem'd,
Vnburied in these lines referu'd in purenes ;
These shall intombe those eyes, that haue redeem'd
Mee from the vulgar, thee from all obscurenes.

Although my carefull accents neuer mou'd thee ;
Yet count it no disgrace that I haue lou'd thee.

Delia



Sonnet XXVII.

Delia these eyes that so admireth thine,
Haue seene those walles the which ambition reared,
To checke the world, how they intombd haue lyen
within themselues; and on them ploughes haue cared.

Yet for all that no barbarous hand attaynde,
The spoyle of fame deseru'd by vertuous men :
Whose glorious actions luckely had gainde,
Th' eternall Anualls of a happie pen.

Why then though *Delia* fade let that not moue her,
Though time do spoyle her of the fairest vaile
That euer yet mortallitie did couer ;
Which shall instarre the needle and the trayle.

That grace, that vertue, all that seru'd t' in woman ;
Dooth her vnto eternitie affommon.



Sonnet XXXVIII.

Faire and louely maide, looke from the shore,
See thy *Leander* striuing in these waues :
Poore foule fore-spent, whose force can doe no more,
Now send forth hopes, for now calme pittie faues.

And waste him to thee with those louely eyes,
A happy conuoy to a holy lande :
Now shew thy powre, and where thy vertue lyes,
To faue thine owne, stretch out the fayrest hand.

Stretch out the fairest hand a pledge of peace,
That hand that dartes so right, and neuer misses :
Ile not reuenge olde wrongs, my wrath shall cease ;
For that which gave me woundes, Ile giue it kisses.

Once let the Ocean of my cares finde shore,
That thou be pleas'd, and I may sigh no more.

Reade



Sonnet XXXIX.

Reade in my face, a volume of despayres,
The wayling Iliades of my tragicke wo ;
Drawne with my bloud, and printed with my cares,
Wrought by her hand, that I haue honoured so.

Who whilst I burne, she singes at my foules wrack,
Looking a loft from Turret of her pride :
There my foules tyrant ioyes her, in the sack
Of her owne feate, whereof I made her guide.
There doe these smoakes that from affliction ryse,
Serue as an incense to a cruell Dame :
A Sacrifize thrice gratefull to her eyes,
Because their powre serue to exact the same.

Thus ruines she, to fatisfie her will ;
The Temple, where her name was honored still.

My



Sonnet XL.

My *Cynthia* hath the waters of mine eyes,
The ready handmaides on her grace attending :
That neuer fall to ebbe, nor euer dryes,
For to their flowe she neuer graunts an ending.

Th'Ocean neuer did attende more duely,
Vppon his Soueraignes course, the nights pale Queene :
Nor paid the impost of his waues more truely,
Then mine to her in truth haue euer beene.

Yet nought the rocke of that hard hart can moue,
Where beate these teares with zeale, and fury driueth :
And yet I rather languish in her loue
Then I would ioy the fayrest she that liueth.

I doubt to finde such pleasure in my gayning,
As now I taste in compas of complayning.

Howe



Sonnet XLI.

How long shall I in mine affliction morne,
A burthen to my selfe, distress'd in minde :
When shall my interdicted hopes returne,
From out despayre wherein they liue confin'd.

When shall her browe charg'd with disdaine,
Reueale the treasure which her smyles impart :
When shall my faith the happinesse attaine,
To breake the yce that hath congeald her hart.

Vnto her selfe, her selfe my loue dooth sommon,
If loue in her hath any powre to moue :
And let her tell me as she is a woman,
Whether my faith hath not deseru'd her loue.

I knowe she cannot but must needs confesse it,
Yet deignes not with one simple signe t'expresse it.

G.

Beautie



Sonnet XLII.

Beautie, fweete loue, is like the morning dewe,
Whose short refresh vpon the tender greene,
Cheeres for a time but tyll the Sunne doth shew,
And straight tis gone as it had neuer beene.

Soone doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish,
Short is the glory of the blushing Rose,
The hew which thou so carefully doost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.

When thou furcharg'd with burthen of thy yeeres,
Shalt bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth :
When tyme hath made a pasport for thy feares,
Dated in age the Kalends of our death.

But ah no more, thys hath beene often tolde,
And women grieue to thinke they must be old.



Sonnet XLIII.

I must not grieue my Loue, whose eyes would reede,
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smyle :
Flowers haue a tyme before they come to feede,
And she is young and now must sport the while.

Ah sport sweet Mayde in season of these yeeres,
And learne to gather flowers before they wither :
And where the sweetest bloffoms first appears,
Let loue and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.

Lighten forth smyles to cleere the clowded ayre,
And calme the tempest which my sighes doe rayse :
Pittie and smyles doe best become the fayre,
Pittie and smyles shall yeeld thee lasting prayse.

I hope to fay when all my griefes are gone,
Happy the hart that sigh'd for such a one.

G. 2.

Drawne



Sonnet XLIIII.

Drawne with th' attractiue vertue of her eyes,
My toucht hart tunres it to that happie cost :
My ioyfull North, where all my fortune lyes,
The leuell of my hopes desired most.

There where my *Delia* fayrer then the funne,
Deckt with her youth whereon the world smyleth :
Ioyes in that honour which her beautie wonne,
Th'eternall volume which her fame compyleth.

Florish faire *Albion*, glory of the North,
Neptunes darling helde betweene his armes :
Deuided from the world as better worth,
Kept for himfelfe, defended from all harmes.

Still let difarmed peace decke her and thee ;
And Mufe-foe Mars, abroade farre fostred bee.

Care-



Sonnet XLV.

Care-charmer sleepe, fonne of the Sable night,
Brother to death, in filent darknes borne :
Relieue my languish, and restore the light,
With darke forgetting of my cares returne.

And let the day be time enough to morne,
The shipwrack of my ill-aduentred youth :
Let waking eyes suffice to vvayle theyr sorne,
Without the torment of the nights vntruth.

Cease dreames, th'ymagery of our day desires,
To modell forth the passions of the morrow :
Neuer let ryfing Sunne approue you lyers,
To adde more grieve to aggrauat my sorrow.

Still let me sleepe, imbracing clovvdes in vaine ;
And neuer wake, to feele the dayes difdayne.

G 3

Let



Sonnet XLVI.

Let others sing of Knights and Palladines,
In aged accents, and vntimely words :
Paint shadowes in imaginary lines,
Which well the reach of their high wits records ;
But I must sing of thee and those faire eyes,
Autentique shall my verse in time to come,
When yet th'vnborne shall say, loe where she lyes,
Whose beautie made him speake that els was dombe.
These are the Arkes the Tropheis I erect,
That fortifie thy name against old age,
And these thy sacred vertues must protect,
Against the Darke and times consuming rage.
Though th'error of my youth they shall discover,
Suffice they shew I liu'd and was thy louer.

Like



Sonnet XLVII.

Like as the Lute that ioyes or els dislikes,
As is his arte that playes vpon the fame :
So founds my Muse according as she strikes,
On my hart strings high tun'd vnto her fame.

Her touch doth cause the warble of the found,
Which heere I yeeld in lamentable wise,
A wailing deskant on the sweetest ground,
Whose due reports giue honor to her eyes.

Els harsh my style, vntunable my Muse,
Hoarse founds the voyce that prayseth not her name :
If any pleasing realish heere I vse,
Then iudge the world her beautie giues the fame.

O happie ground that makes the musique such,
And blessed hand that giues so sweete a touch.

None



Sonnet XLVIII.

None other fame my vnambitious Muse,
Affected euer but t'eternize thee :
All other honours doe my hopes refuse,
Which meaner priz'd and momentarie bee.

For God forbid I should my papers blot,
With mercynary lines, with seruile pen :
Praising vertues in them that haue them not,
Bafely attending on the hopes of men.

No no my verfe respects nor Thames nor Theaters,
Nor seekes it to be knowne vnto the Great :
But *Auon* rich in fame, though poore in waters,
Shall haue my fong, where *Delia* hath her feate.

Auon fhall be my Thames, and ſhe my Song ;
Ile found her name the Ryuer all along.

Vnhappy



Sonnet XLIX.

Unhappy pen and ill accepted papers,
That intimate in vaine my chaste defiers,
My chaste defiers, the euer burning tapers,
Inkindled by her eyes celestiaall fiers.

Celestiaall fiers and vnrespecting powers,
That deigne not view the glory of your might,
In humble lines the worke of carefull howers,
The sacrifice I offer to her sight.

But sith she scornes her owne, this rests for me,
Ile mone my selfe, and hide the wrong I haue :
And so content me that her frownes should be
To my'infant stile the cradle, and the graue.

What though my selfe no honor get thereby,
Each byrd sings t'herfelfe, and so will I.

H.

Loe



Sonnet L.

Loe heere the impost of my faith vnfaining,
That loue hath paide, and her disdaine extorted :
Beholde the meffage of my iust complayning,
That shewes the world how much my griefe imported.

These tributary plaintes fraught with desire,
I fende those eyes the cabinets of loue ;
The Paradice whereto my hopes aspire,
From out this hell, which mine afflictions proue.

Wherein I thus doe liue cast downe from myrth,
Pensieue alone, none but despayre about mee ;
My ioyes abortiue, perisht at their byrth,
My carres long liu'de, and will not dye without mee.

This is my state, and *Delias* hart is such ;

I fay no more, I feare I faide too much.

FINIS.



An Ode.

Nowe each creature ioyes the other,
 Passing happy daies and howers :
One byrd reports to another,
 In the fall of siluer showers,
Whilst the earth our common mother,
 Hath her bosome deckt with flowers.

Whilst the greatest torch of heauen,
 With bright rayes warmes *Floras* lapse :
Making nights and dayes both euen,
 Cheering plants with fresher sappe :
My field of flowers quite be-reauen,
 Wants refresh of better happe.

H. 2.

Eccho



Ode.

Eccho daughter of the ayre,
Babbling ghefte of Rocks and Hills,
Knowes the name of my fearce Fayre,
And foundes the accents of my ills :
Each thing pitties my dispaire,
Whilst that she her Louer kills.

Whilst that she O cruell Maide,
Doth me, and my true loue dispise :
My liues florish is decayde
That depended on her eyes :
But her will must be obaide,
And well he 'ends for loue who dies.

FINIS.



THE COMPLAINT
OF ROSAMOND.

(* *)

OVt from the horror of Infernall deepes,
My poore afflicted ghost comes here to plain it,
Attended with my shame that neuer sleepes,
The spot where-with my kinde and youth did staine it.
My body found a graue where to containe it.
A sheete could hide my face, but not my sin,
For Fame findes neuer tombe t'inclose it in.

And which is worfe, my soule is now denied,
Her transport to the sweet Elisian rest,
The ioifull blisse for ghosts repurified,
The euer-springing Gardens of the blest:
Caron denies me waftage with the rest.
And faies, my soule can neuer passe the Riuer,
Till Louers fighes on earth shall it deliuer.

So shall I neuer passe; for how should I
Procure this sacrifice amongst the liuing?
Time hath long since worne out the memorie
Both of my life, and liues vniust depriuing,
Sorrow for me is dead for aye reuiuing.

ROSAMOND hath little left her but her name,
And that disgrac'd, for time hath wrong'd the fame.

B b

THE COMPLAINT

No Muse suggests the pittie of my case,
Each pen doth ouerpasse my iust complaint,
Whilst others are preferd, though far more base ;
Shores wife is grac'd and passes for a Saint ;
Her Legend iustifies her foule attaint.

Her wel-told tale did such compassion find,
That she is pass'd, and I am left behind.

Which seene with griefe, my miserable ghost,
(Whilome inuested in so faire a vaile,
Which whilst it liu'd, was honored of the most,
And being dead giues matter to bewaile.)
Comes to sollicite thee (since others faile,)
To take this taske, and in thy woful song
To forme my case, and register my wrong.

Although I know thy iust lamenting Muse,
Toil'd in th'affliction of thine owne distresse,
In others cares hath little time to vse,
And therefore maist esteeme of mine the lesse :
Yet as thy hopes attend happie redresse,
Thy ioies depending on a womans grace,
So moue thy mind a wofull womans case.

DELIA

OF ROSAMOND.

DELIA may hap to deigne to read our storie,
And offer vp her sigh among the rest,
Whose merit would suffice for both our glorie,
Whereby thou might'st be grac'd and I be blest;
That indulgence would profit me the best.
Such power she hath by whom thy youth is led,
To ioy the liuing, and to bleffe the dead.

So I (through beautie) made the wofull'st wight,
By beautie might haue comfort after death:
That dying fairest, by the fairest might
Find life about on earth, and rest beneath.
She that can bleffe vs with one happie breath,
Giue comfort to thy Muse to do her best,
That thereby thou maist ioy, and I might rest.

Thus said: forth-with mou'd with a tender care,
And pittie, (which my selfe could neuer find,)
What she desir'd, my Muse deign'd to declare,
And therefore, will'd her boldly tel her mind.
And I (more willing,) tooke this charge assignd,
Because her griefes were worthy to be known,
And telling hers, might hap forget mine own:

THE COMPLAINT

Then write (quoth she) the ruine of my youth,
Report the down-fall of my flippry state,
Of all my life reueale the simple truth,
To teach to others what I learnt too late.
Exemplifie my frailty, tell how Fate
 Keepes in eternall darke our fortunes hidden,
And ere they come, to know thē tis forbidden.

For whilst the sun-shine of my fortune lasted,
I ioyd the happiest warmth, the sweetest heate
That euer yet imperious beauty tasted,
I had what glory euer flesh could get :
But this faire morning had a shamefull fet.
 Disgrace darkt honor, sin did clowd my brow,
 As note the sequel, and Ile tell thee how.

The bloud I staind, was good and of the best,
My birth had honour, and my beauty fame :
Nature and Fortune ioin'd to make me blest,
Had I had grace t'have knowne to vse the fame.
My education shew'd from whence I came,
 And all concurd to make me happie furst,
 That so great hap might make me more accurst.

Happie

OF ROSAMOND.

Happie liu'd I whilst parents eie did guide
The indiscretion of my feeble waies,
And Country home kept me from being eide,
Wher best vnknown I spent my sweetest daies :
Til that my friends mine honor fought to raise
 To higher place, which greater credit yeelds,
 Deeming such beauty was vnfit for feelds.

From Country then to Court I was preferr'd,
From calme to stormes, from shore into the deepes :
There where I perish'd, where my youth first err'd,
There where I lost the flowre which honor keeps;
There where the worser thriues, the better weepes;
 Ah me (poore wench) on this vnhappy shelve,
 I grounded me and cast awaie my selfe.

From thither com'd, when yeeres had arm'd my youth,
With rarest prooffe of beautie euer seene :
When my reuiuing eie had learnt the truth,
That it had power to make the winter greene,
And flowre affections whereas none had beene ;
 Soone could I teach my brow to tyrannize,
 And make the world do homage to mine eies.

THE COMPLAINT

For age I faw, (though yeeres with cold conceit,
Congeald their thoughts againſt a warme deſire,)
Yet figh their want, and looke at ſuch a baite.
I faw how youth was waxe before the fire.
I faw by ſtealth, I fram'd my looke a lyre.
Yet wel perceiu'd, how Fortune made me then
The enuie of my fexe, and wonder vnto men.

Looke how a Comet at the firſt appearing,
Drawes all mens eies with wonder to behold it;
Or as the ſaddeſt tale at ſuddaine hearing,
Makes ſilent liſtning vnto him that told it,
So did my ſpeech when Rubies did vnfold it.
So did the blazing of my bluſh appeare,
T'amaze the world, that holds ſuch fights ſo deere.

Ah beauty Syren, faire enchaunting good,
Sweet ſilent rhetoric of perſwading eies:
Dombe eloquēce, whoſe power doth moue the bloud,
More then the words, or wiſdome of the wife;
Still harmony, whoſe diapafon lies
Within a brow, the key which paſſions moue,
To rauish fence, and play a world in loue.

What

OF ROSAMOND.

What might I then not do whose power was such?
What cannot women do that know their power?
What women knowes it not (I feare too much)
Howe blisse or bale lies in their laugh or lowre?
Whilst they enioy their happy blooming flowre,
 Whilst nature decks them in their best attires
 Of youth and beautie which the world admires.

Such one was I, my beautie was mine owne,
No borrowed blush which bank-rot beauties seeke :
That new-found shame, a sinne to vs vnknowne,
Th'adulterate beauty of a falsed cheeke :
Vilde staines to honour, and to women eeke,
 Seeing that time our fading must detect,
 Thus with defect to couer our defect.

Impietie of times, chastities abator,
Falshood, wherein thy selfe thy selfe deniest :
Treason to counterfeit the seale of nature,
The stampe of heauen, impressed by the hiest.
Disgrace vnto the world, to whom thou liest.
 Idoll vnto thy selfe, shame to the wife,
 And all that honour thee idolatrife.

Far

THE COMPLAINT

Far was that finne from vs whose age was pure,
When simple beauty was accounted best,
The time when women had no other lure
But modestie, pure cheeks, a vertuous brest.
This was the pompe wherewith my youth was blest.
These were the weapons which mine honor wun
In all the conflicts which my eies begun.

Which were not small, I wrought on no meane obiect,
A Crowne was at my feet, Scepters obeide me,
Whō Fortune made my King, Loue made by subiect,
Who did command the Land, most humbly praid me,
HENRIE the second, that so highlie weigh'd me,
Found well (by prooffe) the priuiledge of beautie,
That it had powre to counter-maund all dutie.

For after all his victories in FRAVNCE,
And all the triumphes of his honor wun :
Vnmatch'd by fword, was vanquisht by a glaunce,
And hotter wars within his brest begun.
Wars, whom whole legions of desires drew on :
Against all which, my chastitie contends
With force of honour, which my shame defends,

No

OF ROSAMOND.

No armour might be found that could defend,
Transfearcing raies of Christal pointed eies :
No stratagem, no reason could amend,
No not his age ; (yet old men should be wife.)
But shewes deceiue, outward appearance lies.

Let none for seeming so, thinke faints of others,
For all are men, and all haue suckt their mothers.

Who would haue thought a Monarch would haue euer
Obeyd his hand-maid of so meane estate ;
Vultur ambition feeding on his liuer,
Age hauing worne his pleasures out of date,
But hap comes neuer, or it comes too late.

For such a daintie which his youth found not,
Vnto his feeble age did chaunce a-lot.

Ah Fortune, neuer absolutelie good,
For that some crosse stil counter-checks our luck ;
As heere behold th'incompatible blood,
Of age and youth was that whereon we stuck :
Whose lothing, we from natures breasts do suck,
As opposite to what our bloud requires.
For equall age, doth equall like desires.

THE COMPLAINT

But mightie men, in hiest honour fitting,
Nought but applause and pleasure can behold :
Sooth'd in their liking, carelesse what is fitting,
May not be suffred once to thinke the'are old :
Not trusting what they see, but what is told.

Miserable fortune to forget so farre
The state of flesh, and what our frailties are.

Yet must I needes excuse so great defect
For drinking of the *Lethe* of mine eies,
H'is forc'd forget himselfe, and all respect
Of maiestie, whereon his state relies :
And now of loues, and pleasures must deuise.

For thus reuiu'd againe, he serues and su'th,
And seekes al meanes to vndermine my youth.

Which neuer by assault he could recouer,
So well incamp'd in strength of chaste desires :
My cleane-arm'd thoughts repell'd an vnchast louer.
The Crowne that could commaund what it requires,
I lesser priz'd then chastities attires.

Th'vnstained vaile, which innocents adornes,
Th'vngathred Rose, defended with the thornes.

And

OF ROSAMOND.

And fafe mine honour flood, till that in truth,
One of my fexe, of place, and nature bad,
Was fet in ambush to intrap my youth.
One in the habite of like frailty clad.
One who the liu'ry of like weakenes had.
A feeming Matron, yet a finfull monfter,
As by her words the chafter fort may confter.

She fet vpon me with the fmoothest fpeech
That court and age could cunningly deuife :
Th'one autentique, made her fit to teach,
The other learnt her how to fubtelife.
Both were enough to circumuent the wife.
A document that well might teach the fage,
That ther's no trust in youth, nor hope in age.

Daughter (faid fhe,) behold thy happie chaunce,
That haft the lot caft downe into thy lap,
Whereby thou maift thy honor great aduance,
Whilft thou (vnhappie) wilt not fee thy hap :
Such fond refpect thy youth doth fo inwrap,
T'oppose thy felfe againft thine own good fortune,
That points thee out, & feemes thee to importune.

THE COMPLAINT

Dooft thou not see, how that thy King (thy *Ioue*,)
Lightens forth glory on thy darke estate :
And showres down gold & treasure from aboue,
Whilst thou doost shut thy lap against thy fate?
Fie fondling fie, thou wilt repent too late
 The error of thy youth, that canst not see
 What is the fortune that doth follow thee

Thou must not thinke thy flowre can alwaies flourish,
And that thy beauty will be still admired :
But that those raies which all these flames do nourish,
Cancelld with Time, will haue their date expired,
And men will scorne what now is so desired.
 Our frailties doome is written in the flowers,
 Which flourish now, and fade ere many howers.

Reade in my face the ruines of my youth,
The wracke of yeeres vpon my aged brow,
I haue been faire, (I must confesse the truth,)
And stood vpon as nice respects as thou ;
I lost my time, and I repent it now.
 But were I to begin my youth againe,
 I would redeeme the time I spent in vaine :

But

OF ROSAMOND.

But thou haft yeers, and priuiledge to vse them,
Thy priuiledge doth beare Beauties great feale,
Besides, the law of nature doth excuse them,
To whom thy youth may haue a iust appeale.
Esteeme not Fame more then thou doost thy weale.
Fame, (wherof y^e world seems to make such choice,)
Is but an Eccho, and an idle voice.

Then why should this respect of honor bound vs,
In th'imaginarie lifts of reputation?
Titles which cold feueritie hath found vs,
Breath of the vulgar, foe to recreation :
Melancholies opinion, Customes relation ;
Pleasures plague, beauties scourge, hel to the faire,
To leaue the sweet, for Castles in the aire.

Pleasure is felt, opinion but conceau'd,
Honor, a thing without vs, not our owne :
Whereof we see how many are bereau'd,
Which should haue reap'd the glory they had sowne :
And manie haue it, yet vnworthy, knowne.
So breathes his blast this many-headed beast,
Whereof the wisest haue esteemed least.

THE COMPLAINT

The subtle Citty-women, better learned,
Esteeme them chaste enough that best seeme so :
Who though they sport, it shal not be discerned,
Their face bewraies not what their bodies do ;
Tis warie walking that doth safeliest go.

With shew of vertue, as the cunning knowes,
Babes are beguild with sweets, & men with shewes.

Then vse thy tallent, youth shall be thy warrant,
And let not honour from thy sports detract :
Thou must not fondly think thy selfe transparent,
That those who see thy face can iudge thy fact,
Let her haue shame that cannot closely act.

And seeme the chaste, which is the chiefest arte,
For what we seeme each see, none knowes our hart.

The mightie, who can with such finnes dispence,
In steed of shame do honors great bestow :
A worthie author doth redeeme th'offence,
And makes the scarlet finne as white as snow.
The maiestie that doth descend so low,
Is not defilde, but pure remains therein,
And being sacred, sanctifies the sin

What

OF ROSAMOND.

What, doost thou stand on this, that he is old?
Thy beautie hath the more to worke vpon.
Thy pleasures want shall be suppli'd with gold,
Cold age dotes most when heat of youth is gone:
Enticing words preuaile with such a one.
Alluring shewes most deepe impressiō strikes,
For age is prone to credite what it likes.

Heere interrupt she leaues me in a doubt,
When loe began the combat in my blood,
Seeing my youth inuiron'd round about,
The ground vncertaine where my reasons stood;
Small my defence to make my partie good,
Against such powers which were so surelie laid,
To ouer-throw a poore vnskilfull Maid.

Treason was in my bones, my selfe conspiring,
To fel my selfe to lust, my foule to sin:
Pure blushing shame was euen in retiring,
Leauing the sacred hold it glori'd in.
Honor lay prostrate for my flesh to win,
Whē cleaner thoughts my weaknes gan upbray
Against my selfe, and shame did force me say;

Ah

THE COMPLAINT

Ah ROSAMOND, what doth thy flesh prepare?
Destruction to thy daies, death to thy fame;
Wilt thou betraie that honor held with care,
T'entombe with blacke reproch a spotted name?
Leauing thy blush the colours of thy shame?
Opening thy feet to sinne, thy foule to lust,
Gracelesse to lay thy glorie in the dust?

Nay, first let th'earth gape wide to swallow thee,
And shut thee vp in bosome with her dead,
Ere Serpent tempt thee taste forbidden Tree,
Or feele the warmth of an vnlawfull bed;
Suffring thy selfe to be by lust misled;
So to disgrace thy selfe and grieue thine heires,
That *Cliffords* race should scorne thee one of theirs.

Neuer with longer to inioy the aire,
Then that thou breath'ft the breath of chastitie:
Longer then thou preferu'ft thy foule as faire
As is thy face, free from impuritie.
Thy face that makes th'admired in euerie eie,
Where Natures care such rarities inroule,
Which vs'd amisse, may serue to damme thy foule.

But

OF ROSAMOND.

But what? he is my king and may constrain me,
Whether I yeeld or not, / I liue defamed.
The world will thinke authoritie did gaine me,
I shall be iudg'd his Loue, and so be shamed.
We see the faire condemn'd, that neuer gamed.
And if I yeeld, tis honourable shame,
If not, I liue disgrac'd, yet thought the same :

What waie is left thee then (vnhappie maid,)
Whereby thy spotlesse foote, maie wander out
This dreadfull danger, which thou feest is laid,
Wherein thy shame doth compasse thee about?
Thy simple yeeres cannot resolute this doubt.
Thy youth can neuer guide thy foote so euen,
But (in despight) some scandale wil be giuen.

Thus stood I ballanc'd equallie precise,
Till my fraile flesh did weigh me downe to sin ;
Till world and pleasure made me partialize,
And glittering pompe my vanitie did win,
When to excuse my fault my lusts begin.
And impious thoughts alledg'd this wanton clause,
That though I sinn'd, my sinne had honest cause.

D d

So

THE COMPLAINT

So well the golden balls cast downe before me,
Could entertaine my course, hinder my way :
Whereat my retchleffe youth stooping to store me,
Lost me the goale, the glorie, and the day.
Pleasure had fet my well school'd thoughts to play,
And bade me vse the vertue of mine eies,
For sweetly it fits the faire to wantonise.

Thus wrought to sin, soone was I trained from Court,
T'a folitarie Grange, there to attend
The time the King should thither make resort,
Where he Loues long-desired worke should end.
Thither he dayly messages doth send,
VVith costlie Jewels (Orators of Loue,)
VVhich (ah too well men know) do women moue.

The day before the night of my defeature,
He greets me with a Casket richly wrought ;
So rare, that arte did seeme to striue with nature,
T'expresse the cunning work-mans curious thought ;
The mysterie wherof I prying fought,
And found engrauen on the lidde aboue,
Any mone, how she with *Neptune* stroue.

Any mone

OF ROSAMOND.

Amygone, old *Danaus* fairest Daughter,
As she was fetching water all alone
At *Lerna*: whereas *Neptune* came and caught her,
From whom she stru'd and strugled to be gone,
Beating the aire with cries and piteous mone.

But all in vaine, with him she's forc'd to go,
Tis shame that men should vse poore maidens fo.

There might I see described how she lay,
At those proude feet, not fatis-fied with prayer :
Wayling her heauie hap, cursing the day,
In act so pitious to expresse despaire.
And by how much more grieu'd, so much more faire.

Her teares vpon her cheekes (poore carefull gerle,)
Did seeme against the Sunne christall and pearle.

VVhose pure cleer streams, (which lo so faire appears;)
VVrought hotter flames, (O miracle of loue,)
That kindles fire in water, heat in teares,
And makes neglected beautie mightier proue,
Teaching afflicted eies affects to moue ;
To shew that nothing ill becomes the faire,
But crueltie, which yeelds unto no prayer.

THE COMPLAINT

This hauing viewd, and therewith something moued,
Figured I find within the other squares,
Transformed *Io*, *Joues* deerelie loued,
In her affliction how she strangely fares.
Strangely distreff'd (O beautie, borne to cares.)
Turn'd to a Heiffer, kept with iecalous eies,
Alwayes in danger of her hatefull spies.

These presidents presented to my view,
Wherein the preface of my fall was showne,
Might haue fore-warn'd me well what would ensue,
And others harmes haue made me shun mine owne.
But fate is not preuented, though foreknowne.

For that must hap, decreed by heauenly powers,
Who worke our fall, yet make the fault still ours.

Witnes the world, wherein is nothing rifer,
Then miseries unkend before they come :
Who can the characters of chaunce decipher,
Written in cloudes of our concealed dome ?
Which though perhaps haue been reuealed to some,
Yet that so doubtfull, (as successe did proue them,)
That men must know they haue y^e heauens aboute thē.

OF ROSAMOND.

I faw the finne wherein my foot was entring,
I faw how that difhonour did attend it,
I faw the fhame whereon my flefh was ventring,
Yet had I not the powre for to defend it.
So weake is fence when error has condemn'd it.
We fee what's good, and thereto we confent,
But yet wee choofe the worft, and foone repent.

And now I come to tell the worft of ilnes,
Now drawes the date of mine affliction neere.
Now when the darke had wrapt vp all in ftilnes
And dreadfull black had difpoffeffed the cleere,
Com'd was the night, (mother of fleepe and feare;)
Who with her Sable-mantle friendly couers
The fweet-ftolne fports of ioifull meeting Louers.

When loe, I ioy'd my Louer, not my Loue,
And felt the hand of luft moft vndefired :
Enforc'd the vnprooued bitter fweet to proue,
Which yeelds no mutuall pleafure when tis hired.
Loue's not constrain'd, nor yet of due required.
Iudge they who are vnfortunately wed,
What tis to come vnto a loathed bed.

THE COMPLAINT

But soone his age receiu'd his short contenting,
And sleepe seald vp his languishing desires :
VVhen he turnes to his rest, I to repenting,
Into my selfe my waking thought retires :
My nakednes had prou'd my fences liers.
Now opned were mine eies to looke therein,
For first we taste the fruit, then see our sin.

Now did I find myselfe vnparadis'd,
From those pure fields of my so cleane beginning:
Now I perceiu'd how ill I was aduis'd,
My flesh gan loathe the new-felt touch of sinning,
Shame leaues vs by degrees, not at first winning.
For nature checks a new offence with loathing,
But vse of sinne doth make it seeme as nothing.

And vse of sinne did worke in me a boldnes,
And loue in him, incorporates such zeale,
That iealousie increas'd with ages coldnes,
Fearing to loose the ioie of all his weale,
Or doubting time his stealth might else reueale,
H' is driuen to deuise some subtile waie,
How he might safeliest keepe so rich a praie.

OF ROSAMOND.

A statelie Pallace he foorth-with did build,
Whose intricate innumerable waies,
With such confused errours so beguild
Th' vnguided entlers with vncertaine straies,
And doubtfull turnings kept them in delaies,
 With bootleffe labour leading them about,
 Able to find no waie, nor in, nor out.

Within the closed bosome of which frame,
That seru'd a Center to that goodlie round :
Were lodgings, with a Garden to the same,
With sweetest flowers that eu'r adorn'd the ground
And all the pleasures that delight hath found,
 T' intertaine the fence of wanton eies,
 Fuel of loue, from whence lusts flames arise :

Heere I enclof'd from all the world afunder,
The Minotaure of shame kept for disgrace,
The Monster of Fortune, and the worlds wonder,
Liu'd cloistred in so desolate a case :
None but the king might come into the place,
 With certaine Maides that did attend my need,
 And he himfelfe came guided by a threed.

THE COMPLAINT

O Iealoufie, daughter of Enuy' and Loue,
Most wayward iffue of a gentle fire ;
Foftred with feares, thy fathers ioyes t'improue,
Mirth-marring Monfter, borne a fubtile lier ;
Hatefull vnto thy felfe, flying thine owne defire :
Feeding vpon fufpect that doth renue thee,
Happie were Louers if they neuer knew thee.

Thou haft a thoufand gates thou enterest by,
Condemning trembling paffions to our hart ;
Hundred eyed *Argus*, euer-waking Spie,
Pale Hagge, infernall Furie, pleasures fmart,
Enuious Obferuer, prying in euery part ;
Suspicious, fearefull, gazing ftill about thee,
O would to God y^t loue could be withuot thee.

Thou didft depriue (through falfe fuggefting feare,)
Him of content, and me of libertie :
The onely good that women hold fo deere,
And turnft my freedome to captiuitie,
First made a prifoner, ere an enemye.
Enioynd the ranfome of my bodies fhame,
Which though I paid, could not redeeme the fame.
What

OF ROSAMOND.

What greater torment euer could haue beene,
Then to inforce the faire to liue retir'd?
For what is beauty if it be not seene?
Or what is't to be seene, vnlesse admir'd?
And though admir'd, vnlesse in loue desir'd?
Neuer were cheeks of Roses, locks of Amber,
Ordain'd to liue imprison'd in a Chamber.

Nature created beauty for the view,
(Like as the fire for heat, the Sun for light :)
The faire do hold this priuiledge as due
By ancient Charter, to liue most in sight,
And she that is debarr'd it, hath not right.
In vaine our friends from this, do vs dehort,
For beauty will be where is most resort.

Witnes the fairest streets that Thames doth visite,
The wondrous concourse of the glittering Faire :
For what rare women deckt with beauty is it,
That thither couets not to make repaire?
The solitary Country may not stay her.
Heere is the center of all beauties best,
Excepting DELIA, left t'adorne the West.

THE COMPLAINT

Heere doth the curious with iudiciall eies,
Contemperate beautie gloriouslie attired :
And herein all our chiefeft glorie lies,
To liue where we are praif'd and moſt deſired.
O how we ioie to ſee our ſelues admired,
 Whilſt niggardlie our fauours we diſcouer.
 We loue to be belou'd, yet ſcorne the Louer.

Yet would to God my foot had neuer mou'd
From Countrie ſafetie, from the fields of reſt :
To know the danger to be highlie lou'd,
And liue in pompe to braue among the beſt,
Happie for me, better had I beene bleſt ;
 If I vnluckilie had neuer ſtraide,
 But liu'd at home a happie Country Maide.

Whoſe vnaffected innocencie thinks
No guilefull fraude, as doth the Courtlie liuer :
She's deckt with truth, the Riuer where ſhe drinks
Doth ſerue her for a glaſſe, her counſell giuer :
She loues ſincerely, and is loued euer.
 Her daies are peace, and ſo ſhe ends her breath,
 (True life that knowes not what's to die til death.)

So

OF ROSAMOND.

So should I neuer haue beene registred,
In the blacke booke of the vnfortunate :
Nor had my name enrold with Maides misfled,
Which bought their pleasures at so hie a rate.
Nor had I taught (through my unhappie fate,)
This lesson (which my self learnt with expence)
How most it hurts that most delights the sense :

Shame followes sinne, disgrace is duly giuen,
Impietie will out, neuer so closely done :
No walls can hide vs from the eie of heauen,
For shame must end what wickednes begun ;
Forth breaks reproch when least we think thereon.
And this is euer proper vnto Courts,
That nothing can be done, but Fame reports.

Fame doth explore what his most secret hidden,
Entring the closet of the Pallace dweller :
Abroad reuealing what is most forbidden.
Of truth and falshood both an equall teller.
Tis not a guard can serue for to expell her.
The sword of iustice cannot cut her wings,
Nor stop her mouth from vttring secret things.

THE COMPLAINT

And this our stealth she could not long conceale,
From her whom such a forfeit most concerned :
The wronged Queen, who could so closely deale,
That she the whole of all our practise learned,
And watcht a time when least it was discerned,
In absence of the King, to wreake her wrong,
With such reuenge as she desired long.

The Laberinth she entred by that threed,
That seru'd a conduct to my absent Lord,
Left there by chance, referu'd for such a deed,
Where she surpriz'd me whom she so abhord.
Enrag'd with madnes, scarce she speakes a word,
But flies with eager furie to my face,
Offering me most vnwomanly disgrace.

Looke how a Tygresse that hath lost her whelp,
Runs fiercely raging through the woods astray :
And seeing her selfe depriu'd of hope or helpe,
Furiously assaults what's in her way,
To satisfie her wrath, (not for a pray ;)
So fell she on me in outrageous wife,
As could disdain and ielousie deuise.

And

OF ROSAMOND.

And after all her vile reproches vs'd,
She forc'd me take the poison she had brought,
To end the life that had her so abus'd,
And free her feares, and ease her iealous thought.
No crueltie her wrath would leaue vnwrought,
No spightfull act that to reuenge is common ;
(No beast being fiercer than a iealous woman.)

Here take (faith she) thou impudent vncleane,
Base gracelesse strumpet, take this next your hart ;
Your loue-sick hart, that ouer-charg'd hath beene
With pleasures surfeite, must be purg'd with arte.
This potion hath a power that will conuart
To nought, those humors that oppresse you so.
And (Gerle,) Ile see you take it ere *I* go.

What stand you now amaz'd, retire you backe ?
Tremble you (minion ?) come dispatch with speed ;
There is no helpe, your Champion now you lack,
And all these teares you shed will nothing stee'd ;
Those daintie fingers needs must do the deed.
Take it, or I will drench you els by force,
And trifle not, least that I vse you worse.

THE COMPLAINT

Hauing this bloodie doome from hellish breath,
My wofull eyes on euery side I cast :
Rigor about me, in my hand my death,
Presenting me the horror of my last ;
All hope of pitie and of comfort past.

No means, no power, no forces to contend,
My trembling hands must giue my self my end.

Those hands that beauties ministers had been,
They must give death that me adorn'd of late,
That mouth that newly gaue consent to sin,
Must now receiue destruction in thereat,
That bodie which my lust did violate,

Must sacrifice itselfe t'appease the wrong.
(So short is pleasure, glory lasts not long.)

And she no fooner saw I had it taken,
But forth she rushes, (proud with victorie,)
And leaues m'alone, of all the world forsaken,
Except of Death, which she had left with me.
(Death and my selfe alone together be.)

To whom she did her full reuenge refer.

Oh poore weake conquest both for him and her.

Then

OF ROSAMOND.

Then straight my conscience summons vp my sin,
T'appeare before me, in a hideous face ;
Now doth the terror of my foule begin,
When eu'ry corner of that hatefull place
Dictates mine error, and reueales disgrace ;
 Whilst I remaine opprest in euery part,
 Death in my bodie, horror at my hart.

Downe on my bed my loathsome selfe I cast,
The bed that likewise giues in euidence
Against my foule, and tels I was vnchast,
Tels I was wanton, tels I followed fence.
And therefore cast, by guilt of mine offence,
 Must heere the right of heauen needes satisfie,
 And where a wanton lay, must wretched die.

Heere I began to waile my hard mishap,
My suddaine, strange vnlookt for miserie.
Accusing them that did my youth intrap,
To giue me such a fall of infamie.
And poore distressed ROSAMOND, (saide I,)
 Is this thy glory got, to die forlorne
 In Dezarts, where no eare can heare thee morne ?

Nor

THE COMPLAINT

Nor any eye of pittie to behold
The wofull end of thy fad tragedie ;
But that thy wrongs vnfeene, thy tale vntold,
Must here in secret silence buried lie.
And with thee, thine excuse together die.
 Thy sin reueal'd, but thy repentance hid,
 Thy shame aliue, but dead what thy death did.

Yet breathe out to these walls the breath of mone,
Tell th'ayre thy plaints, since men thou canst not tell.
And though thou perish desolate alone,
Tell yet thy selfe, what thy selfe knowes too well :
Vtter thy grieve wherewith thy soule doth swell.
 And let thy hart pittie thy harts remorse,
 And be thy selfe the mourner and the Corse.

Condole thee here, clad all in blacke dispaire,
With silence onely, and a dying bed ;
Thou that of late, so flourishing, so faire,
Did glorious liue, admir'd and honoured :
And now from friends, from succor hither led,
 Art made a spoyle to lust, to wrath, to death,
 And in disgrace, forc'd heere to yeeld thy breath.

Did

OF ROSAMOND.

Did Nature (O for this) deliberate
To shew in the the glory of her best ;
Framing thine eye the star of thy ill fate,
And made thy face the foe to spoile the rest ?
O beautie, thou an enemy profest
To chastitie and vs that loue thee most, lost ?
Without thee how w'are loathd, and with thee

O you that proude with libertie and beautie,
(And ô may well be proude that you be so,)
Glitter in Court, lou'd and obseru'd of dutie ;
O that I might to you but ere I goe
Speake what I feele, to warne you by my woe,
To keepe your feet in pure clean paths of shame,
That no inticing may diuert the fame.

See'ng how against your tender weaknes still,
The strength of wit, of gold, of all is bent ;
And all th'affaults that euer might or skill,
Can giue against a chaste and clean intent :
Ah let not greatnes worke you to consent.
The spot is foule, though by a Monarch made,
Kings cannot priuiledge a finne forbade.

THE COMPLAINT

Lock vp therefore the treafure of your loue,
Vnder the fureft keyes of feare and fhame :
And let no powers haue powre chaft thoughts to moue
To make a lawleffe entry on your fame.
、 Open to thofe the comfort of your flame,
Whofe equall loue fhall march with equall pace,
In thofe pure waies that lead to no difgrace.

For fee how many difcontented beds,
Our owne afpiring, or our Parents pride
Haue cauf'd, whilft that ambition vainely weds
Wealth and not loue, honor and nought befide :
Whilft married but to titles, we abide
As wedded widowes, wanting what we haue,
When fhadowes cannot giue vs what we craue.

Or whilft we fpend the freffheft of our time,
The fweet of youth in plotting in the aire ;
Alas how oft we fall, hoping to clime ;
Or wither as vnprofitably faire,
Whilft thofe decaies which are without repaire,
Make vs neglected, fcorned and reprov'd.
(And ô what are we, if we be not lou'd ?)

Fasten

OF ROSAMOND.

Fasten therefore vpon occasions fit,
Least this, or that, or like disgrace as mine,
Do ouer-take your youth to ruine it,
And clowde with infamie your beauties shine :
Seeing how many seeke to vndermine
The treasurie that's vnpossess of any :
As hard tis kept that is desir'd of many.

And flie (ô flie,) these Bed-brokers vncleane,
(The monsters of our sexe) that make a pray
Of their owne kind, by an vnkindly meane ;
And euen (like Vipers,) eating out a way
Th'row th'wombe of their owne shame, accursed they
Liue by the death of fame, the gaine of sin,
The filth of lust, vncleannes wallowes in.

O is it not enough that we, (poore wee)
Haue weaknes, beautie, gold, and men our foes,
But we must haue some of our selues to bee
Traitors vnto our selues, to ioyne with those ?
Such as our feeble forces doe disclose,
And stil betray our cause, our shame, our youth,
To lust, to follie, and to mens vntruth ?

Hatefull confounders both of blood and lawes,
Vilde Orators of flame, that pleade delight :
Vngracious Agents in a wicked caufe,
Factors for darknes ; meffengers of night,
Serpents of guile, diuels, that do inuite
The wanton taſte of that forbidden tree,
Whofe fruit once pluckt, will ſhew how foule we be.

You in the habite of a graue aspect,
(In credite by the trust of yeeres,) can shoue
The cunning wayes of lust, and can direct
The faire and wilie wantons how to goe,
Hauing (your lothsome felues) your youth spent so.
And in vncleannes euer haue beene fed,
By the reuenue of a wanton bed.

By you, haue beene the innocent betraid,
The blushing fearefull, boldned vnto sin,
The wife made subtile, subtile made the maid,
The husband scorn'd, dishonoured the kin :
Parents disgrac'd, children infamous been.
 Confus'd our race, and falsi-fied our blood,
 Whilst fathers sonnes, possesse wrong Fathers good.

This

OF ROSAMOND.

This and much more, I would haue vttred then,
A testament to be recorded still,
Signd with my bloud, subscib'd with Conscience pen,
To warne the faire and beautifull from ill.
And ô I wish (by th' example of my will,)
I had not left this sin vnto the faire,
But dyde intestate to haue had no heire.

But now the poison spread through all my vaines,
Gan dispossesse my liuing fences quite :
And nought respecting death, (the last of paines,)
Plac'd his pale colours, (th' ensigne of his might,)
Vpon his new-got spoile before his right ;
Thence chac'd my foule, fetting my day ere noone,
When I least thought my ioies could end so soone.

And as conuaid t' vntimely funerals,
My scarce cold corse not suffred longer stay,
Behold, the King (by chaunce) returning, fals
T' inconnter with the same vpon the way,
As he repaird to see his deereft ioy.

Not thinking such a meeting could haue been,
To see his Loue, and seeing beene vnseene.

THE COMPLAINT

Iudge those whō chance depriues of sweetest treasure,
What tis to lose a thing we hold so deere :
The best delight, wherein our soule takes pleasure,
The sweet of life, that penetrates so neere.
What passions feelles that hart, inforc'd to beare
The deepe impression of so strange a sight,
That ouerwhelms vs, or confounds vs quite ?

Amaz'd he stands, nor voice nor body steares,
Words had no passage, teares no issue found,
For sorrow shut vp words, wrath kept in teares,
Confus'd affects each other do confound :
Oppress'd with griefe, his passions had no bound.
Striuing to tell his woes, words would not come ;
For light cares speak, whē mighty griefs are dumb.

At length extremity breakes out a way, [ded,
Through which th' imprisoned voice with teares atten-
Wailes out a sound that sorrowes do bewray,
With armes a-crosse, and eies to heauen bended,
Vaporing out sighes that to the skies ascended.
Sighes, (the poore ease calamity affords,)
Which serue for speech whē sorrow wanteth words.

OF ROSAMOND.

O heauens (quoth he,) why do mine eies behold
The hatefull raies of this vnhappy funne?
Why haue I light to see my finnes controld,
With blood of mine own shame thus vildly done?
How can my fight endure to looke thereon?

Why doth not blacke eternall darknes hide,
That from mine eies, my hart cannot abide?

VVhat saw my life, wherein my foule might ioy,
VVhat had my daies, whom troubles stil afflicted,
But only this to counterpoize annoy?
This ioy, this hope, which Death hath interdicted;
This fweet, whose losse hath all distresse inflicted;
This, that did season all my sowre of life,
Vext still at home with broiles, abroad in strife,

Vext still at home with broiles, abroad in strife,
Diffention in my blood, iarres in my bed:
Distrust at boord, suspecting still my life,
Spending the night in horror, daies in dread;
(Such life hath Tyrants, and this life I led.)
These miseries go mask'd in glittering showes,
Which wise men see, the vulgar little knowes.

Thus

THE COMPLAINT

Thus as these passions do him ouer-whelme,
He drawes him neere my body to behold it.
And as the Vine married vnto the Elme
With strict imbraces, so doth he infold it.
And as he in his carefull armes doth hold it,
Viewing the face that euen death commends,
On fencelesse lips, millions of kisses spends.

Pittifull mouth (saith he) that liuing gauest
The sweetest comfort that my soule could wish :
O be it lawfull now, that dead thou hauest,
This forrowing fare-well of a dying kisse.
And you faire eyes, containers of my blisse,
Motiues of loue, borne to be matched neuer,
Entomb'd in your sweet circles sleepe for euer.

Ah how me thinks I see Death dallying seekes,
To entertaine it selfe in Loue's sweet place ;
Decaied Roses of discoloured cheekes,
Do yet retaine deere notes of former grace :
And vglie Death sits faire within her face ;
Sweet remnants resting of vermillion red,
That Death it selfe doubts whether she be dead.

Wonder

OF ROSAMOND.

Wonder of beautie, oh receiue these plaints,
These obsequies, the last that I shall make thee :
For loe, my foule that now alreadie faints,
(That lou'd thee liuing, dead will not forsake thee,)
Hastens her speedie course to ouer-take thee.
Ile meete my death, and free my selfe thereby,
For (ah) what can he doe that cannot die ?

Yet ere I die, thus much my foule doth vow,
Reuenge doth sweeten death with ease of minde :
And I will cause posteritie shall know,
How faire thou wert aboue all women kinde.
And after-ages monuments shall finde,
Shewing thy beauties title, not thy name,
Rose of the world that sweetned so the fame.

This said, though more desirous yet to say,
(For sorrow is vnwilling to giue ouer,)
He doth repress what griefe would else bewray,
Least he too much his passions should discouer.
And yet respect scarce bridles such a Louer.
So farre transported that he knew not whither,
For Loue and Maiestie dwell ill together.

G

Then

THE COMPLAINT

Then were my funerals not long deferred,
But done with all the rites pompe could deuise,
At *Godstow*, where my bodie was interred,
And richly tomb'd in honourable wife,
Where yet as now scarce any note descrites
Vnto these times, the memorie of mee,
Marble and Brasse so little lasting bee.

For those walls which the credulous deuout,
And apt-beleeuing ignorant did found;
With willing zeale, that neuer call'd in doubt,
That time their works should euer so confound,
Lie like confused heapes as vnder-ground.

And what their ignorance esteem'd so holy,
The wiser ages do account as follie.

And were it not thy fauourable lynes
Re-edified the wracke of my decayes,
And that thy accents willingly assigns,
Some farther date, and giue me longer dayes,
Few in this age had knowne my beauties praise.

But thus renew'd, my fame redeemes some time,
Till other ages shall neglect thy rime.

Then

OF ROSAMOND.

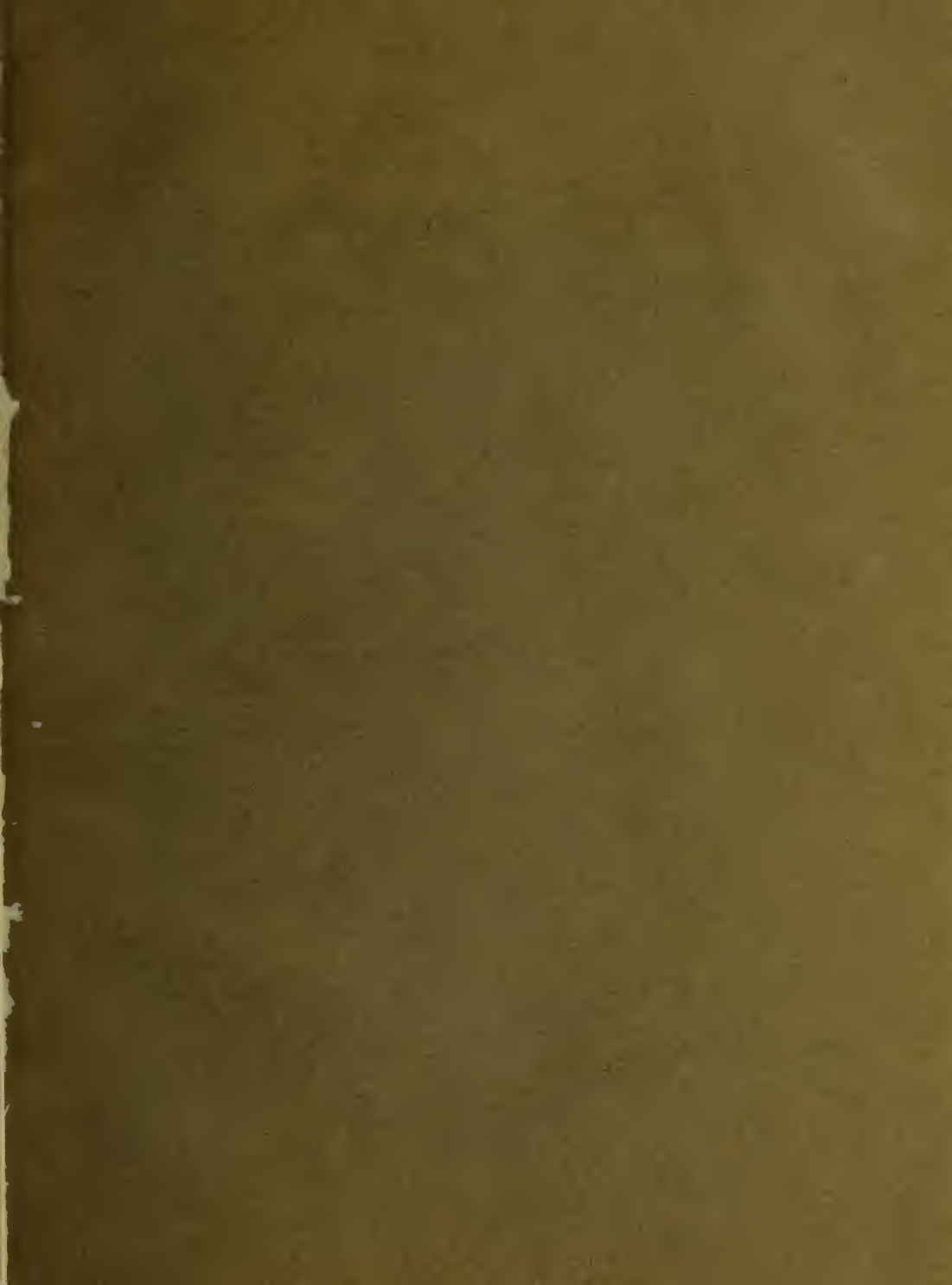
Then when confusion in her course shall bring,
Sad defolation on the times to come :
When mirth-leffe Thames shal haue no Swan to sing,
All Musique silent, and the Muses dombe.
And yet euen then it must be knowne to some,
That once they flourisht, though not cherisht so,
And Thames had Swannes as well as euer Po.

But here an end, I may no longer stay thee,
I must returne t' attend at *Stigian* flood :
Yet ere I go this one word more *I* pray thee,
Tell DELIA, now her sigh may doe me good,
And will her note the frailtie of our blood.
And if *I* passe vnto those happie banks,
Thē she must haue her praise, thy pen her thanks.

So vanquisht she, and left me to returne
To prosecute the tenor of my woes :
Eternall matter for my Muse to mourne,
But (ah) the world hath heard too much of those,
My youth such errors must no more disclose.
Ile hide the rest, and grieue for what hath beene,
Who made me known, must make me liue vnseene.

FINIS.

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